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My name is Anything!



11 0 3

Chapter 1 by EZEKIEL ALVARADO

Dear Reader,

I lived alone with Butter and Jam in a small house
With no name myself I have Friends,
I knew they weren't real only with End,
Alone I lived in a world with nothing,
Only with Butter and Jam,
they where weird only ate Bread,
And I was still alone,
but i'm still alive not like Mom or friends,
Still alone... and alone.

I read my poem to make sure it makes since and of course it did, like Butter I have a problem with speaking I can only say few words like Butter, Jam, Bread, Duck and, Home. Jam you see he is COOL and is writing this letter. Because I told him too or am I writing this my self? I don't know or care anymore because if your reading this i'm probably already gone Find ME please

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I'm still here it's me
Anything

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Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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I was scared with no butter!

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